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To dear Eva 2 6 –
from her Dadda
in memory of her
beloved Mother for
whom she tenderly cared.

London
January 20th
1934.

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Harry Vincent Rohu

MRS. BRIGADIER EMMA ROHU.

ONE OF GOD'S BRAVE

PIONEER SOLDIERS.

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Aberdeen

1922.

EMMA ROHU.

Chapter 1.

Early Days.

Emma Hunter was born at Warrington on January 30th. 1881, and soon after her birth her parents moved to Wigan, Lancashire. Her father, William Hunter had married his wife Phoebe Cotterill, against the wishes of her parents, as coming from a godly middle class home they feared the result of her linking her life with one who they considered was unstable in character, and although possessed of the best of good nature, was too easily led away by his companions.

William Hunter was a master painter and decorator, and although earning good money, he was at times so generous with it that the patient wife found it hard to make ends meet.

The companions of William Hunter were not helpful to him, and this was a cause of grave

anxiety to his wife. One can imagine therefore her happiness when one day he fnformed her that he had got converted at the Salvation Army and intended becoming a Salvationist.

Mrs.Hunter was a Wesleyan, and attended the local Wesleyan Chapel, but little Emma accompanied her father to the Army meetings. It was on the occasion of some special meetings that Emma, now only five years old, knelt at the Penitent Form and prayed this simple prayer "O God, if you will forgive me, I will serve Thee for ever." She definitely stated that she then received the assurance of forgiveness. There were quite a number of adults at the Penitent Form that night, and little Emma was overlooked by those who spoke to the other penitents. Her tears and vows, however, were registered in Heaven This brief account of her life and work affords abundant evidence of the definiteness of her conversion, and how faithfully she kept her vow to serve her Lord.

From the first she was an active earnest Salvationist, and at the tender age of five she used to stand on the drum and sing songs of Salvation to

'She wore the Army bonnet
before she was six years
old.'

Warrington 1886.

the crowd that attended the meetings in the Market Square, Wigan. She became a very enthusiastic worked in the Juniors, and wore the Army bonnet before she was six years old.

The meetings at this time were very rough, but little Emma with her sweet singing brought peace into the turmoil, and when she gave her testimony in her simple childlike way, a wonderful wave of feeling would sweep over the meeting.

She was now fitting herself for the great adventure that would come to her in her adult years and this training would stand her in good stead when persecution of even a more serious nature would be her lot.

This astonishing child was evidently marked out for leadership, and it was only natural that she should become a little Soldiers' Captain, with certain responsibilities for the Young People's Corps.

About this time Mr.Herbert Booth paid a visit to Lancashire and he took a great interest in little Emma. In the large meetings which he conducted he would have her stand on a chair or on a drum, and sing some of his compositions. Her childish treble

won its way right into the hearts of the congregation, and helped time after time to fill the Penitent Form with weeping seekers.

One of her happy memories was that of Mr. Herbert Booth teaching her a new composition, now well known to many Salvationists, but sung by her for the first time in public :

"It does not really matter
Whether you are black or white,
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

This little 'messenger of grace' used to be carried to and from the meetings on the shoulders of the 'Black Prince' (the late Brigadier Wm. Bennett). His long black curls and stalwart figure with this little girl on his shoulders made a charming picture.

A great sorrow now entered Emma's home by the passing of her beloved mother. Emma at this time was thirteen years of age, and the duty of looking after the home devolved on her. There were four children, including Emma, the youngest being a baby boy scarcely two years old.

The responsibility of managing the home was a heavy one for a girl of such tender years, but in

a surprising way Emma rose to the occasion, and although her home duties curtailed somewhat her attendance at the Army meetings, she maintained her experience, and endeavoured, as often as possible to take an active part in the work of the Corps.

Unfortunately, at this time, her father was not making progress in his spiritual life although he still attended the Corps. This was an anxiety to the little housekeeper.

Suddenly a dark cloud appeared on the horizon. Emma was told that her father was about to marry again, and that their new mother would soon be coming to take charge of the home. On being told the name of her new step-mother Emma was filled with alarm, as the individual concerned did not command her respect.

We can picture the consternation in the little home when the news arrived. Tom, the eldest, declared that he would seek apartments elsewhere. Emma, still in her early teens, was torn between the desire to remain with her little sister Elizabeth and her baby brother Charles, and her own strong inclination to leave the old roof tree. So great, however, was her aversion to her step-mother that she decided to leave Her

home before the new Mrs.Hunter entered it. She found a warm welcome in the home of a refined lady to whom she acted as mother's help.

I have before me a letter from a member of this family who was quite a small child when Emma arrived:

> 'She was dearly loved by us all' she writes, 'and in her work and life whilst with us she was ideal, always eager and ready for service, and shedding a loving and gracious influence around her. She was a great help and comfort to my mother.'

William Hunter's second marriage was not a happy one, and the home circumstances were such that Emma returned for a short time to the old home.

Chapter 2.

A Clapton Cadet.

Emma Hunter was now seventeen years of age and had received a very definite call to become a Salvation Army Officer. On June 27th. 1898, she made application to enter training, she had not, however, yet reached the minimum age of eighteen at which Candidates were accepted, and this accounted for the fact that it was not until November 21st.1899 that she was able to enter the International Training Homes at Clapton, London, to begin a service that was to be signally owned by God.

Her earnestness and sincerity quickly made an impression on her fellow Cadets. A Scottish girl who entered training at the same time records her influence upon her :

> 'It always seemed to me when I heard her speak that she had a heart overflowing with compassion, and she simply poured out her whole soul in her talks. Oh how she pleaded with the people! Now we can scarcely realize that we shall hear her voice no more on earth. I pray that I may be as steadfast and faithful to the end as my dear Training Home chum was.'

Chapter I.

A Flying Start.

The Training Home Staff were also impressed by the spirit she manifested. Colonel Harriet Lawrance (R) who was then the chief Officer on the Women's side, bears an eloquent testimony to the intensity of her religious experience and her influence on her fellow Cadets :

> 'She made a mark on me' says the Colonel, 'when she first entered training as a very spiritual girl. She put her religion into all things, in her housework, in meetings, in lessons, etc. She was always in dead earnest, her heart was in all she did. A true lover of prayer she loved to get other Cadets to join in her prayer meetings in their odd moments.
>
> 'Always to be more like Jesus with a touch of His passion for souls was her deep cry and desire. She truly wept over souls, and agonized to win them for God. Her sincerity as a Cadet won her a great power with other Cadets.
>
> 'I was proud for her to be a Sergeant. She knew her Cadets through and through, and so many of them caught her spirit of earnestness love of work and passion for souls. The burden for souls was all the time laid on her heart. She lived for God and souls.
>
> 'She was always bright and looked on the best side of things, always ready for the hardest fight, and gloried in sacrificing. Her life stood out as that of a real red-hot Salvationist all the time.
>
> 'She was full of hope and faith for the very worst, and was most faithful to the old Training Home motto "Never mind me." Nothing was too hard for her, she used to plead and deal so thoroughly at the Penitent Form with the sinners, and never allowed them to go until they got through. She was truly a link in the old Training Home chain which never broke.'

During her Cadet-Sergeant training days, she acted as Lieutenant to the Officer at Old Ford Corps, and some of the old Soldiers there still treasure her memory .

Chapter 3.

The great Adventure.

Commissioning night at Clapton on November 11tH. 1900 held many surprises for the men and women Cadets and Cadet Sergeants.

It was a remarkable tribute to the absolute trust in their Leaders that none of the nearly two hundred Cadets knew where they would be stationed, and when each was called to the platform to receive their appointment many never even had heard of the town before and wondered where it was. This, however, mattered little to those consecrated lives, the important factor was the great opportunity before them for winning souls.

On this eventful evening Cadet-Sergeant Hunter was promoted Captain and appointed to Clay Cross in the Notts. and Derby Division.

The Training Commissioner (Commissioner David Rees) interviewed her on the following morning and informed her that she was being sent to a very hard Corps, in fact 'as near to Hell as possible' observed the Commissioner. There

had been a series of scandals at this place, and it was because of their great faith in her godliness and ability that her leaders had decided on this appointment.

The difficulty at Clay Cross was occasioned by several women Officers having married and settled down in the town. In fact, on the day of Captain Hunter's arrival, her predecessor had been married to a local miner.

The new Captain and her Lieutenant were the targets of many indelicate taunts, but full of confidence in the divinity of her call and mission the Captain laid herself out to love and win the people. Weeks of hardship and test awaited them, very often they had only dry bread to eat, but giving themselves to prayer and visitation they were soon conscious that a break was near. They were not mistaken, as on one Saturday night while the Open Air Meeting was in progress, a man was seen coming out of a publichouse and making direct for the little group of Salvationists came and knelt at the drum-head. Taking off his cap and with tears streaming down his face, he prayed for mercy.

This incident stirred the whole of the town and soon an awakening took place. Seeker after seeker came forward for Salvation, and the accommodation of the Hall was taxed to its capacity.

It is of interest to record that this first convert held fast to his assurance of forgiveness, and never looked back. Thirty-three years after, when his spiritual mother was passing through the valley of the shadow he sent a telegram of sympathy, it was the last message she received ere she passed over. The following is an extract from a letter sent by him and his wife :

> 'Her passing has been a great blow to us, as we always looked upon her as one of our own, but praise God she has only gone a little before us, and we shall meet again. We think of her still as our best friend, and there will be a welcome for us when we meet.'

Thus the work of grace done in the heart of this man, has stood the test of thirty-three years.

About this time the Founder was very much exercised about extending the Salvation Army to the extreme South of Ireland. The Movement had been established in Dublin for some time, but owing to the unfriendly attitude of certain sections of the population in Cork, Waterford and Limerick there was a hesitancy about opening the work in

these cities.

The Founder, however, decided to advance, and chose for the pioneer party Brigadier (now Colonel) Cooke, Ensign Mary Kyle (now Mrs.Brigadier Wm. Richards) and Captain Emma Hunter. These were joined later by other Officers.

Before proceeding to Ireland Captain Hunter had an interview with the late General Bramwell Booth when she was asked if she was ready to die. This was said in all seriousness, as the reports received from the Officers who had prospected the new area foreshadowed serious opposition and active persecution.

On her way to Cork Captain Hunter had to pass through Dublin. Here she conducted a meeting and among the number who came to the Penitent Form was a young man who is now one of our prominent Local Officers in Ireland, and a successful business man. The following is an extract from a letter he wrote when he heard of the Captain's promotion to Glory :

> 'It was in a meeting which Mrs.Rohu (then Captain Hunter) conducted before leaving Dublin to open the work in Cork, that I got converted. Many times during the long

> years that have intervened between then and the news of her promotion I had hoped to have had an opportunity of meeting and reminding her of this, but apparantly this was not to be. She was a splendid type of Officer, and I have no doubt there are many who like myself cherish her memory for her works' sake.'

Arriving in Cork the pioneer party were hospitably entertained by a Methodist lady, but she suffered very severely as all the glass windows in her house were broken by the crowd.

Those who are familiar with the inflammabory emotionalism of a South Irish crowd will understand what a danger zone these brave Officers had entered. The most extraordinary rumours had got about concerning them, some stating that they were representatives of the British Army, while others fanned the flame of religious intolerance. Soon the authorities had their hands full. Cordons of forty to fifty police had to hold back the infuriated people. A number of detectives were appointed to keep these 'messengers of grace to guilty men' under constant observation.

Meanwhile the meetings held in the large Assembly Rooms at Cork were scenes of great spiritual power. Hundreds of people knelt at the Penitent Form, many of them being members of the

local Protestant Churches. The great majority, however, returned to their Churches as they either did not feel called to associate themselves openly with the Army, or were not prepared for the severe persecution which would certainly be their lot if they did so.

The success of the opening seemed to increase the intensity of the opposition, and the brave pioneers were constantly in danger of bodily injury.

On one occasion Captain Hunter with Ensign Kyle, both dressed in mufti, were doing some shopping when they were recognised. Hearing the sound of hurrying feet they turned and found that a crowd of men and women was bearing down upon them crying 'Kill the devils, kill them.'

Quite unaware of the fact that they were in a a very rough part of the City they sought refuge in a hardware shop. They were followed by the crowd who tore their clothes and beat them. The friendly proprietor tried to shelter them behind the counter and sent a messenger boy for the police and a cab. The crowd thrashed the lad and sent him back. Matters were becoming serious

'Seizing some school canes...
she exclaimed "I don't know anything
about their religion, but bedad I
won't let them be hurt".'

when an elderly woman with arms bared to the elbows forced her way through the crowd and seizing some school canes that were hanging up in the shop she exclaimed 'I don't know anything about their religion, but bedad I won't let them be hurt.' Laying about her with the canes she struck out right and left and cleared a passage to the entrance. By this time a cab had arrived but the crowd broke the windows and ill-treated the horse. When the two Officers managed to get in they were almost in a state of collapse. News had already reached their Quarters that they had been killed, and great relief was experienced when they arrived dishevelled and bruised with garments torn and devoid of a single fastener.

An interesting sequel to this incident occurred some time after when the Roman Catholic woman who had helped the Officers lay dying in the Poor Law Institution. She sent for Captain Hunter who explaining the way of Salvation to her poor dark mind prayed that the tender mercies of God might be given to one who had assisted them in their hour of need.

The Captain impressed everybody with her unflinching courage. A Colonel on the International Headquarters Staff who was visiting Cork at this time remarks :

> 'I think of her as a brave resourceful woman whom I first met in Cork.'

Her Field Officer comrades were also inspired by her example. One who was stationed during this period at Dublin 1 writes :

> 'I was stationed in Ireland from 1900-1903. I remember Mrs.Rohu's courage which she displayed during those difficult but glorious times. Her great trust in God was very noticeable.'

Orders were now received from Headquarters that Captain Hunter was to proceed to open the Salvation Army work in the City of Waterford. Here it was anticipated that persecution would be even more severe than at Cork, and the surmise was correct.

A Hall was secured and meetings were commenced, but it was evident from the first that a desperate effort would be made to drive the Salvation Army out of the City. A heavy demand was made on the police authorities owing to the violent attitude of the crowd. The windows of

the Quarters had to be boarded up as it was impossible to keep glass in them. This meant that gas had to be kept continually burning.

A determined boycott was instituted, and as a result food had to be obtained from Dublin (120 miles distant.)* No fuel could be obtained and the kettle had to be boiled by using old copies of the "War Cry." During the cold winter months the Captain and her Lieutenant had to run round the table at night and when this exercise warmed them they retired to rest.

For nearly twelve months the Officers could hardly hear their own voices in the open air Meetings so great was the din made by the crowd. Forty police has to be on duty to protect these two defenceless girls from the fury of the mob. The Meetings were held on the quayside and on one occasion the crowd made a deliberate attempt to drown the Officers by rushing them into the river, fortunately the chains attached to the pier thwarted their design.

The service in the nearby Cathedral was

* See Appendix pp. 68, 69.

held up one Sunday morning owing to the commotion caused by the persecutors. A climax was reached when the Mayor made a bet of £5 at his club that he would clear the Army out of the City. He accordingly went to the Hall to see Captain Hunter and as it was against his religious principles to enter the building, he requested her presence in the entrance porch. He was informed by the Lieutenant that the Captain would see him immediately the service, which was then proceeding, was over.

The Mayor informed the Captain in a very abrup abrupt manner that the Army would have to 'clear out' of Waterford, as the scenes that were witnessed every Sunday were a disgrace, and he added " we have already enough religion in this City.' The Captain who listened very respectfully to this outburst calmly replied 'Well Mr. Mayor I would remind you that it is not we who are making the commotion, and if the conduct which we see is the result of the religion this City possesses the sooner it gets a change the better. As for leaving the City, we have taken single tickets and do not intend to go.'

He then demanded the address of the General and the London Headquarters. It is of interest to learn that he lost his bet.

Meanwhile the efforts of these two brave Officers were bearing fruit. The Hall continued to be crowded, but it was very difficult to maintain order. The spiritual darkness of the people was pitiful to behold. If the observation was made that "Our Lord is here to forgive you,' there would be a chorus of questions 'Where is He?, show Him to us,' and then they would search underneath the seats. Rats and mice were brought into the meetings and were let loose. The only way to secure some semblance of order was by singing, the favourite chorus being 'The Lion of Judah can break every chain, and give you the victory again and again.'

The position was full of difficulties, and of course no visible results were as yet seen. The Captain was now informed that certain priests had 'called' the Army from the Altar. Such a proceedings was tantamount to giving a dangerous licence to the crowd in their persecution of the Salvationists. As was expected this action of

the priests increased the intensity of the persecution, and Captain Hunter therefore determined to interview the Roman Catholic Bishop at his Palace. The Bishop received her with every courtesy, and listened attentively while she explained the intolerant action of the priests. Courageously she emphasized the seriousness of their action, and respectfully requested the Bishop to give instructions that the priests should take back what they had said. The Bishop said that he regretted the words that the priests had spoken and that he would do his best to comply with the Captain's request.

Amidst all this turmoil romance was not lacking, for now the Captain received an earnest proposal of marriage from a popular minister in the City. How easy it would be now for her to turn her back on all her difficulties and dangers and settle down in the respectable protected position of a minister's wife. She realized, however, that she was still heart whole, and that her work demanded all her attention, and the proposal was declined.

The strain was now telling seriously on both Captain Hunter and her Lieutenant. They were absolutely alone. They had no one to stand by them in the open air meetings, and no Officer dare visit the City. The Divisional Officer, who was a man, would certainly have difficulty in escaping serious injury if he had appeared.

At this time the Founder was visiting Dublin, and he was anxious to see Captain Hunter. A telegram was sent requesting her presence at the Rotunda, Dublin, where he was holding meetings. The Captain was in a dilemma. A week previous she had been in a serious disturbance and had received a broken arm, her face was furrowed with scratches from the finger nails of her persecutors, one eye was blackened as a result of a blow, and a muscle in her side had been torn. She, however, could not refuse the telegraphed request, and it must be said that neither her Divisional Officer or the Founder knew of her condition.

Leaving the City secretly at midnight, she kept her appointment. When the Founder saw her arm in a sling, her torn face and blackened eye he burst into tears, and bending over her kissed

her exclaiming 'Is this what they have done to you my poor girl?' He enquired when her Divisional Officer had last visited the Corps, and when informed that it was over six months he was very troubled. It was explained to him, however, that it was as much as the Divisional Officer's life was worth to go to Waterford, as being a man he would receive no mergy from the crowd.

The following week, however he came down. Leaving the Quarters to post a letter to his wife to tell of his safe arrival, he was set on by a number of people and rendered unconscious being kicked about the face and head. Only for the timely arrival of a few British sailors who refused to believe that it was only a dog fight, the Divisional Officer might have lost his life. The sailors carried the unconscious man to the Quarters, when a Doctor was summoned to deal with the serious wounds he had received. Mr.Michael McCarthy,B.L., in his 'Priests and People in Ireland' p.430 mentions this indident.*

God, however, was not unmindful of the brave witness of these Salvationist heroines, and they were to see some little visible result for ~~ths~~ their labours.

* See Appendix p. 70.

It was noticed that a certain man was a regular attender at the meetings. At first he sat at the back of the Hall, but each night he moved a seat nearer the platform until he reached the front seat. When the invitation to the Mercy Seat was given Patrick Murphy, for that was his name, responded and knelt there not knowing what further to do. The Captain found him to be as ignorant of the plan of Salvation as a heathen, and as he commenced to say his confession and prayers to the saints, he was told simply and patiently that it was not to the mother of Jesus or to the saints that he should address his petition, but to God the Father who for the sake of Jesus would forgive him.

After a considerable time the Divine light streamed into his soul, and he rose from his knees a converted man. He had, however, a long way to go, as the forms and ceremonies of a lifetime still clung closely around him.

As was to be expected bitter persecution was his lot, and he daily went in danger of his life. So difficult became his position that he thought it best to leave the City.

On the evening before his departure he came to the Captain and said 'Captain, I want to give you a present, it is the most precious thing I possess, and I want you to have it.' Taking from underneath his coat a small parcel he handed it to the Captain. On opening it she found an ebony crucifix with a silver Christ. She hesitated to accept this gift, but fearing that she might hurt her convert's feelings she said 'I will take it Patrick, and although you now know that you must not pray to an image, yet every time I look at this, I will pray for you Patrick Murphy.'

Chapter 4.

Tests and Triumphs.

The great strain of persecution had taken a heavy toll of the Captain. Her beautiful dark hair was now turning snowy white as a result of a kick on the head which she received in Waterford. Her Provincial Commander Colonel (now Commissioner) Hoggard decided on giving her a change, and she was appointed to Belfast 7 Corps.

Things were at a low ebb when she arrived to take charge of her new command, but the wonderful conversion of a notorious drunkard, who afterwards became the Sergt.-Major of the Corps, altered matters, and soon a glorious soul-saving work was in progress.

It was here that a young convert was having a particularly hard time at home because of her association with the Salvation Army. She was about to surrender to the great pressure brought to bear upon her when one of her friends remarked that a

Chapter 4.

Trials and Tribulations.

Belfast

1903.

new Captain had just srrived, and she was sure she would help her. Captain Hunter at her welcome meeting made a special point of speaking to this convert, and promised to be her friend. Throughout her difficulty pathway she encouraged her again and again, and when things seemed almost hopeless she inspired her to hold on. To-day this girl is the happy wife of a Major, and she always regards her one-time Captain as her spiritual mother.

In the midst of a happy and fruitful stay at Belfast 7, instructions came to proceed to take charge of Cork for the second time. Some peculiar difficulties had arisen at this Corps and her leaders were anxious that she should again take charge. She confessed to having wept when she first read her orders, as she knew the persecution and dangers that awaited her, but remembering how wonderfully she had been upheld on previous occasions, she determined to go 'in the strength of the Lord.'

On her arrival at Cork she was warmly received especially by those who had received blessing

during her previous stay.

One exults in Emma Hunter's courage and temerity, yet while excitement and a sense of humour may have helped her through some of the worst hours, there would be more hours when tumultous waves of discouragement, loneliness and temptation added to physical suffering, beat against her young soul. It is in these hours that we see the conquering woman.

How little she, or anyone else knew what was planned by God in her return to Cork! For during this period a comrade, like-minded to herself and consecrated to the same warfare, came into her life.

All along the way temptations had not been wanting to allure her from her appointed task. We have seen (page 21) how in Waterford the brave girl had had a proposal from a popular minister. In another City she received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of an important Church. But here was a friend consecrated to the a similar life-service; brief and successful was his wooing, and after three more appointments her marriage to Captain Rohu took place in October 1907.

Cork

1904.

Captain Hunter's second term at Cork was marked by increased congregations, and some good cases of conversion. One whom she helped in very trying circumstances at this time writes:

> 'I can picture her on the platform at Henry Street Cork, with her cheery smile and words of comfort when one was almost tempted to give in.'

The Officers were still persecuted, and were always guarded by police who called at their Quarters and brought them to and from the meetings.

One Christmas morning the Captain was on her way to conduct the service when a publican gathering a mouthful of spittle spat it into her face. This disgusting act made her feel quite ill, but she recollected that they had also spat upon her Saviour.

On another occasion the Principal of a local college hit her a brutal blow in the eye with his closed fist. The police pressed her to prosecute but she refused. This incident is mentioned to show that the persecution was not confined to the lower classes. This man was an M.A., and well known in the city.

This spirit of non-retaliation and the "God bless you' which was the invariable answer to insults, was a powerful weapon in the hands of the Salvationists. It was beyond the comprehension of those who attacked them and did more than anything else to break down barriers and reach the hearts of the people.

It must be remembered that not alone the Officers but the rank and file had very considerable persecution to face both in the streets and in their own homes, but the brave little Captain inspired them by her own example. The following is an extract from a letter written by the present Sergt.-Major of the Cork Corps :

> 'We loved Mrs.Rohu, and looked on her as one of our own. We praise God for such a saintly life, and for one who put up such a heroic fight. No one who ever saw Mrs.Rohu could fail to see the love of her Lord in her face. Personally, many times her fight in Cork has inspired me when I have felt like giving in. Praise God for such warriors! '

From one of her Divisional Commanders at this period comes the message :

> 'I recall the untiring zeal devotion and courage of Mrs.Rohu when she was in command of the Corps at Cork. Those were days of real personal danger, but she never wavered of held back. Her work and the fragrance of her personality still remain after thirty years.'

The present Divisional Commander for Ireland (Brigadier J. Smith) writes:

'Dear Mrs.Rohu will ever be regarded as the most prominent pioneer of the Army's work in the South of Ireland, and the most sacred memories still hover around her name in Cork and Dublin.'

From far away Montevideo, South America, comes a message from the Chief Secretary there who knew Mrs.Rohu's work and worth :

'What a wonderful memory you will have of your now glorified partner and the part she played so heroically in laying the foundations of our work in certain parts of Ireland. Truly she will be called blessed by many who are now serving the Lord in the ranks of the dear old Army.'

Another of her Divisional Commanders during her stay in Ireland expresses his feelings thus:

'The memory of her splendid life of service is a precious heritage for you and your dear daughter, and thousands more who came under her influence. We ourselves are glad to have known her especially in those days of her womanly heroism associated with the pioneer work of the Salvation Army in the South of Ireland.'

After a successful time at Cork marching orders were received for Londonderry 1 Corps. Here the Captain found a great contrast. Instead of the spirit of intolerance against Protestants

as in the South, there existed an intolerance against Roman Catholics.

She speedily won her way into the hearts of the people, and soon some wonderful cases of conversion were recorded. One Sunday evening the Sergt.-Major informed her that there was present in the meeting the most notorious and violent drunkard in the City. He was a banker's son, and when drunk it required several policemen with ropes to bind him if he had to be arrested. During the Prayer Meeting the Captain went down and bent over poor Billy Armstrong. A large hot tear dropped on Billy's hand, and what years of imprisonment had failed to do, this heartfelt expression of love for his soul accomplished. Billy forthwith, broken and repentant, went forward to the Mercy Seat and sought Salvation.

The outside friends of the Army were very much impressed with her work, and much to her surprise she received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of an important Church in the City. Her work in the Army, however, absorbed all her attention, and while appreciating the offer she felt unable to accept it.

In a letter which she received many years after from the Corps Colour-Sergeant Londonderry 1 Corps, he says :

> 'I am glad to be able to send you my photo. No doubt it was through your guidance that brought me to love God more than ever I did. I was a backslider, but thank God for His mercy He has brought me back to the fold again. I am still holding the colours high.'

After a lapse of twenty-five years I accompanied Mrs.Rohu on a visit to Londonderry 1, and we found many of her converts still standing. She was very cheered by the expressions of affection shown by very many friends who remembered with gratitude her toil when she was their Captain.

Heavier responsibilities were now to be placed upon her, and following her promotion to the rank of Ensign she proceeded to take charge of Ipswich 1 Corps, one of the largest and most important in the East of England.

It was the first time for nearly twenty years since women Officers were in charge, but here again her visitation and platform ability made a mark on the town.

Her Sergt.-Major at this Corps, now Envoy Osborne, held her in the highest esteem, and was

deeply moved when he heard the news of her passing in far away Delaware, Ohio, U.S.A.

Her Holiness Meetings at Ipswich 1 were an outstanding feature, and her teaching of the blessing of Full Salvation was made a means of great blessing. On one occasion the well known writer Annie Swan (Mrs.Burnett Smith) was in the congregation, and in a subsequent interview expressed her intention of incorporating the work done at Ipswich 1 in a forthcoming story.

A message ... from the Ipswich Divisional Headquarters sent the day after her promotion to Glory contains the following paragraph :

> 'What a splendid work was done by dear Mrs.Rohu here in Ipswich! Her memory lives and is cherished. The old Soldiers thank God for every remembrance of her.'

Her last appointment before her marriage was at Great Horton, Yorkshire, at that time the largest Corps in the Bradford Division.

The Corps was very difficult to finance, and the Ensign's predecessor had tried to solve the problem by holding what is known as 'Populars' on Saturday evenings. One of these, previously arranged, was held on the first Saturday of the Ensign's command. She was shocked to see the

platform turned into a kind of stage, and the scene to include the arrest by a policeman of a man, and the opening of a pie out of which jumped a small dog. The performance was organised by a few of the Soldiers, and the congregation wondered what kind of an impression the proceedings had made on the new Officer. The Ensign was asked to close in prayer. That prayer will scarcely be forgotten by those present. It was a petition to the Lord for forgiveness at the desecration of His house by such scenes, and a fervent promise that by His grace there would never be a repetition. The people feeling the Divine unction in the prayer were awed, but a few of the Local Officers explained afterwards that the Corps could not be financed without these kind of meetings. 'We shall not have them on any account' replied the Ensign, 'and God will not allow us to suffer.'

Persistent visitation resulted in several splendid conversions, in many cases whole families were brought to God. The spiritual tone of the Corps was raised as the sanctified personality of the Ensign became felt. The attendances at the

meetings greatly improved, and the financial problem never gave any cause for anxiety. At the farewell there was a substantial balance in hand, and the Quarters were left beautifully furnished.

On October 22nd.1907 Ensign Emma Hunter was married to Captain Harry Vincent Rohu. The marriage which took place in the beautiful ~~town~~ Army Citadel at Harrogate (the bridegroom's Corps) was performed by Colonel (now Commissioner) Jeffries. The Great Horton Band travelled over to be present at their beloved Officer's wedding, many of them having to lose a day's pay on this account.

The union was an ideal one and its happiness was to last for twentyfive years and three months.

Commissioner Jeffries, now the British Commissioner in referring to Mrs.Rohu's passing at the Divisional Commanders' Councils (May 1933) referred to Mrs.Rohu as one of the Army's saints, and expressed himself in a letter as follows:

> 'What a calamity it is for you and your ~~dear~~ dear girl, in the loss of such a splendid wife and wonderful mother...The recollection of her godly life and sacrificial service will be an inspiration to you in the days to come.'

Mrs.Commissioner Jeffries in a letter sent to me about a fortnight before she herself passed to the Glory Land says:

> 'I loved Mrs.Rohu for her courage and goodness, how sincere she was in everything. She has passed on to join other Army saints, but her memory will long live with me - one of God's good women.'

Corps appointments as married Officers at Wakefield, Sheffield, and Margate followed, in all of which her sound judgment and keen intuition was of inestimable value and contributed very much to the success which attended these appointments.

The women of the Corps were Mrs.Rohu's especial care and many messages received from them since her promotion bear a loving testimony of the esteem in which she was held.

Here is a letter, one among many, from a woman Soldier at Sheffield :

> 'I shall never forget the good times spent at Sheffield. We did all love Mrs.Rohu, she was always the same, very kind and thoughtful. When you left Sheffield I thought I should have broken my heart.'

During our stay at Margate, I suffered a severe strain, and was ordered by the Doctor to

rest for a few weeks, and to abstain from all public work. Although our baby was only 10 months old Mrs.Rohu stepped into the breach and in spite of a badly scalded foot she bravely conducted the meetings. The late Commissioner Railton who was a Soldier of the Corps hearing of my illness called at the Quarters and offered to be 'Mrs. Rohu's Lieutenant' for the weekend. This humble and saintly warrior nobly assisted from early knee drill until the Benediction was pronounced on the Sunday night. The full indident is related in the Life of Commissioner Railton,chap.xix. pp.203,204.

Although senior in service to myself, and of much wider Salvation Army experience, she never obtruded herself, but her wise counsel in many Corps difficulties provided solutions to serious problems.

An appointment to the Training College Staff on June 12th.1911, followed our stay at Margate, and while feeling very much her departure from Corps work, yet she acquiesced in the arrangement feeling that it was all in the plan.

Seven years were spent on the Training College, and on July 18th. 1918, came the appointment as Divisional Secretary to the newly-formed Newport Division, Wales.

The Great War was in its last stage, and as it was impossible to secure a house, Mrs.Rohu, the two children and myself had to make the best of two very small rooms. There was considerable inconvenience and sacrifice entailed in this appointment, but she maintained a brave front.

It was here that her singing made an indelible impression on a youth who is now a Baptist Pastor. He writes:

> 'For Mrs.Rohu I always had the greatest respect which I remember at one time was something like awe when I thought of all she endured in the early days of the Army. I would remind you of a hymn, the first duet I heard Mrs.Rohu and you sing, indeed my first recolletion of Mrs.Rohu:
> "I know my heavenly Father knows,
> ...And tempers every wind that blows."'

It is always a pleasure for Officers to hear from those who succeed them in an appointment, and the Officer who closely followed us to Newport bears his testimony to Mrs.Rohu's life and influence :

'We admired her for her work's sake. It is a pleasant recollection that we followed closely your own stay in the Newport Division. The fragrance of Mrs.Rohu's life was very precious in that district.'

Chapter 5.

Sunshine and Shadow.

Scotland was to be the next scene of her labours, for on June 27th.1919, we received our appointment to the Edinburgh Division. This was absolutely new ground, but Mrs.Rohu adapted herself quickly to the surroundings.

We found the Scottish people rather slow to make acquaintance, but very faithful in their friendship . They are cautious in their approaches and refuse to take you at your face value. Once convinced of the sincerity of your motives and the reality of your religion they become your friends for aye.

Mrs.Rohu's influence was quickly felt by her neighbours who valued her advice and help.

The child of a War widow lay ill and Mrs. Rohu was asked if she would go and see her. She found the little sufferer had a severe attack of diptheria, and urged immediate medical attention.

Chapter 12

Reading and Writing

The mother was distracted and quite helpless, so Mrs.Rohu bravely prepared the child for the ambulance, and although she had two little girls of her own, she had no fear of infection, as she felt that after taking the necessary precautions ~~[illegible]~~ the Lord would look after that. The little child unfortunately died soon after entering the Hospital, but Mrs.Rohu suffered no ill effects, neither did the infection spread to the children.

Such acts as these made her beloved even by those who knew nothing about the Salvation Army. Here they saw in action the spirit of true Christianity.

After a happy stay in Edinburgh orders were received to take charge of the North Scottish Division, and thither to Aberdeen we journeyed.

Here for three years Mrs.Rohu exercised a wonderful ministry of love and service. Here also she was called upon to bear the heavy cross of bereavement in the passing of our eldest girl Winifred.

Mrs.Rohu had always a very deep sympathy with the single women Corps Officers, and was always planning some means of helping them.

It was her joy to journey to the smaller Corps and spend the weekend with them. She liked nothing better than sitting down in their little Quarters and having a heart to heart talk with them. She wielded a powerful influence over them because they believed that she was a woman of God. Many have reason to thank her for her timely help and advice when on the verge of making decisions which would have brought them heartbreak and disaster.

How she revelled in the Salvation fighting! She carefully planned and arranged for the comfort of her two little girls while she campaigned in different parts of that wideflung North Scottish Division.

When the North Scottish Revival broke out in 1922 ubgent telegrams were sent to the Divisional Headquarters for assistance. One came from far away Wick, another from Peterhead in the opposite direction. It was arranged that Mrs.Rohu should go to Wick, and leaving home at 4.a.m., and travelling all day she reached her destination at 7.30.p.m. Here she found hundreds of young converts sadly needing shepherding. Unused to Army ways they required counsel and guidance. Setting to work she

taught them Army choruses, showed them the way to march, and guided the movement like the born leader that she was. The constant visitation of the converts, the succession of meetings both private and public and the peculiar difficulties to be faced and unexpected problems to be solved taxed her physical strength to the utmost. She was beloved in the district and her strenuous labours did much to consolidate the work in the far North of Scotland.

Her faith was now to be tested in an altogether new way when the dark shadow of bereavement fell in the passing of our eldest girl Winifred in her fifteenth year. It was quite unexpected, and it is the opinion of those who knew her best that Mrs.Rohu never really got over the shock. The sorrow was intensified by the fact that I was unable to be by her side when the blow fell as I had been called away to London to attend Divisional Commanders' Councils, and everything happened so quickly that it was impossible for me to return in time. She did not rebel, however, and the following lines which I wrote at this time expressed her feelings :

'We stand aghast at Death's grim tragedy,
With stricken hearts and sore grief-blinded eyes,
Our earthly hopes and plans all shattered lay,
Our breasts receive the murderous steel with
dark surprise.

Our finite vision cannot comprehend,
Our God's economies - their depth, their height.
We trust Him where we cannot trace and say
In Faith :"Shall not the Judge of all the earth
do right?"

Just on the threshold of a useful life,
Not fifteen summers old, and loved so dear;
Yet doubt we not our Father's faithful love,
O Mystery! - beyond interpretation here.

Translated now to higher service still;
She is "with Christ", so saith God's precious
Word,
"At rest", in peace, with Jesus whom she loved,
"Absent in body", but "for ever with her Lord."

This great sorrow in addition to forging another link which 'bound her round the feet of God', deepened that sympathetic understanding which she already possessed, for all who were called to pass through the valley of bereavement.

Speaking to sorrowing ones out of her own heart's experience, the Holy Spirit used her words to bring comfort and restore faith. Many touching letters have been received from those who have been helped in this way.

A Corps Secretary who was brokenhearted at the loss of her mother, and to whom Mrs.Rohu was a great comfort writes :

'I feel I have lost one of my dearest and best of friends.'

A dear comrade who is nearing the River, and who recently lost her husband felt she ought to let me know in a few pencilled lines what Mrs.Rohu's last message to her was :

'I was reading the note she sent me when my dear husband went home. She said "He won't fail you even to-day, my prayers are with you all day. There is no more weariness for your dear one, you and I have a little more to bear."'

The 'little more' for Mrs. Rohu was a few months.

Here is the story of how a brokenhearted mother was led into the Kingdom. She had just lost her only girl :

'It was with deep regret' she writes ' that I saw in the "War Cry" of the passing of our beloved Mrs.Rohu. I feel I must write and tell you all she meant to me. I was feeling very sore over the loss of my little girlie when I went to the Army Meeting one Sunday night eight years ago. Mrs. Rohu came and spoke to me, and she knew just how I felt having lost a girlie too, and the glorious hope she had of meeting her again. I too longed to know more about it, and I thank God that night I gave my heart into His keeping. I am so glad that I ever met her, and through her to know my Jesus too'.

She was greatly beloved, especially by the people in Aberdeen. One poor woman in whom she took an interest was passing through great sorrow, her eldest child was dying of consumption, and there was a struggle to make ends meet. Up the stairs of the dingy house went Mrs.Rohu with dainty morsels cooked by herself for the invalid. Here is a letter written by the mother when she heard of Mrs.Rohu's passing:

> 'I always speak of Mrs.Rohu as my elder sister, for she was indeed more to me even than that. I shall never forget her for her kindness and devotion to me when our little stranger arrived twelve years ago, and again ten years ago when the angel of death visited our home.'

Wherever there was sorrow and difficulty and she heard of it, she was sure to try and seek out the oppressed one, and by her sympathy and prayers endeavour to help them. From a mother who sorely grieved over the loss of her youngest boy comes the following note :

> 'We did love Mrs.Rohu and her memory will be full of fragrance. Sweetness and Holiness flowed from her and it was an honour to know her. For us here we feel much the poorer as we seemed to think we had a special right to her friendship. We shall never forget her gracious help when we lost our darling. Many in Aberdeen were shocked to hear of her passing and spoke wonderful words about her to me - she was a saint.'

Many others in the North Scottish Division who were blessed by her ministry have written testifying to the debt they owed to her. A typical example comes from an invalid who Mrs. Rohu constantly visited. Lying in great pain on her couch she managed ~~to managed~~ to scribble the following pencilled note :

'I shall treasure her memory as long as I live.'

After three very happy and useful years in North Scotland, we moved south to take charge of the Dundee Division.

Although often absorbed with the needs of the women Officers of the Division she always somehow managed to find time to visit the sick and dying. Although only a brief twelve months were spent in this Division her helpful ministry bore much fruit.

The steep hills of Dundee tried her very much, and it was here that the first slight signs of physical weakness were noticed. Nevertheless, she plodded on, rushing off at midnight to take a long train journey to watch by the sickbed of a woman Officer, conducting Home League Meetings,

accompanying me on my visits to the Corps, and inspiring everybody with her buoyant cheerful personality.

Our Territorial Commander at this time was Lieut.-Commissioner George Langdon, and in paying a tribute to her memory he writes:

> 'She played her part in a noble manner when in health and strength, and I am afraid at times when she was not up to par made efforts to push the battle. It can be truly said she has fought a good fight.'

A well-known business man in Dundee, whose wife was the Home League Secretary of Dundee 2, expresses his feelings thus :

> 'It cannot be without comfort to receive the sympathy of friends and expressions of their sorrow at the loss of one who possessed all those virtues which make womanhood so dear, and who in the exercise of them dignified the humblest duties of life and influenced all who knew her. These remembrances are among the most sacred things on earth, and remain while memory lasts.'

Another prominent Salvationist in Dundee -Dr.Thos. Freeman Black, J.P., whose mother-in-law was constantly visited by Mrs.Rohu during her long illness, writes:

> 'We will never forget how Mrs.Rohu faithfully visited Mrs.Grainger during her illness. God will help you in your loneliness for her sake, and for what she has done to help others.'

Orders were now received to cross the border and take command of the Canterbury Division. There was a heart pang at leaving Scotland where she had learnt to love the people and in whose soil lay the mortal remains of her beloved eldest child.

Like a true Soldier, however, she pulled up her stakes, and was soon adapting herself to the demands of the new Division.

Although at times she felt physically unfit, nevertheless,she worked on at undiminished speed. At times she was pressed to drop out the Open Air meeting on Sunday afternoon and have a little rest, but she would invariably reply 'I really must be there as an example to the women.'

She continued to make a special point of spending week-ends at Corps where single women Officers were stationed, and many were the homely heart talks in the Quarters with those who were tempted to surrender and seek an easier path.

Possessed of a strong sweet alto voice she frequently sang duets with me on the sands at Margate, Ramsgate, and other places. Her intense earnestness both in public speaking and singing always made a great impression.

Many of the Officers who were in the Division at this time have expressed their appreciation of her life and work. Extracts from a few out of many letters received from them must suffice.

One of our most capable and promising Officers writes :

> 'We remember Mrs.Rohu from the C----- days, and even now can recall her sympathetic words of understanding in the rather difficult situation in which we found ourselves. Our lives are richer for even a brief association with her.'

A Major who is now in charge of one of our largest Corps in the British Territory, speaks of her life and character in the following terms :

> 'To have known Mrs.Rohu was to have known a quiet, good and trusty soul, whose loyalty to God, humanity, and the Army was the cardinal principle that made life the real thing it was to her.'

A Commandant, now on the retired list, recalls the blessings received through her singing:

> 'We have often thought and spoken of your dear wife, and remember with gladness the very happy and profitable stay we had in the Canterbury Division when you were in command. The beach meetings at Margate, your duet singing, earnest talks and endeavours blessed us very much, and are still fragrant memories.'

'The old rugged Cross.'

A duet on the Margate Sands.

1925.

Mrs.Rohu never kept a regular diary, but occasionally she would enter important happenings. The following is significant :

> 'Saw two men on Ashford Station. They were prisoners on remand for a week - Smith for housebreaking, and Atkinson. Write to the Adjutant at Maidstone to see it he can help them.'

I remember her telling me of this incident. The prisoners were two youths, and her heart ached for them. She got the names from the warder who had them in charge, found out that they were going to Maidstone jail, and made her plans to try and help them.

The women in the Home Leagues found in her a true friend, and her Home League Meetings were looked forward to by the Members. Her homely, practical talks appealed to them and she was beloved by them. When conducting her farewell meeting at one of the large Home Leagues in the Canterbury Division she was presented with the following poem composed by one of the members, and which expressed the feelings of the Home League Although the verses are rough and unfinished, yet one can sense the deep feeling behind the words.

FAREWELL.

Farewell dear friend, no words can tell
How sad we are that we must part,
Where'er you go we wish you well,
You've reached and blessed each Members'heart.

We feel that you have always been
A kind, true, sympathetic friend,
And one and all have been most keen
When you came an afternoon to spend.

We've all enjoyed the homely talks
And cheerful messages you've brought.
So now we say 'Farewell' again,
Tho' our great loss is someone's gain.

E.A.S.

Her winning personality attracted those in trouble, and her presence inspired confidence in those who sought her advice. Thousands must have been helped by her wise words of counsel. An Officer writes:

'What a beautiful spirit the Army has lost in Mrs.Rohu. As saintly as her expression, so I believe was her soul, and such a character must live on even when the body dies.'

A young Officer was in great perplexity and was on the point of resigning. She somehow felt that she could open her heart to Mrs.Rohu, and made a long journey to see her. She was helped over the crisis and is to-day a successful Missionary Officer in India.

Wherever she went she left behind the impression of one who lived in the very presence of God. Expressing the feelings of a family where we sometimes billetted, a young woman writes:

> 'We remember her as one of God's saints who sacrificed for His cause. At the very mention of her name on future occasions we shall always conjure up in our minds a beautiful woman and mother.'

A Bandmaster's wife whom Mrs.Rohu had helped and blessed says :

> 'To know Mrs.Rohu was to love her for her goodness and heart of sympathy.'

Visitation was her delight, and after a weekend's meetings she would remain behind at the Corps to conduct the Monday afternoon Home League. Although often very tired after her exertions on the Sunday, she would be out early on the Monday morning visiting special cases with the Corps Officer.

One who was very much impressed with this side of Mrs.Rohu's activity remarks :

> 'She so endeared herself to many because of her visitation, and doing the little womanly things that others did not do.'

When the children were young we had maids at various times to help with the housework as Mrs.Rohu had often to be away at the front of the battle. Without exception all these girls were devotedly attached to Mrs.Rohu and she exercised a powerful influence upon them. She was like a mother to them and they appreciated her sympathetic understanding. One such, who is now the happy wife of a Corps Colour Sergeant testifies to her regard thus :

> 'I shall always remember her great kindness to me and her words of counsel, and shall treasure the letters she sent to me from time to time.'

Mrs.Rohu's life and work created a profound impression on many of the younger Officers of the Army. From different parts of the world messages have been received testifying to the ennobling power of her example. An Adjutant, now stationed at Buenos Aires, South America writes:

> 'It is examples like these which gives to us younger Officers a new impetus to keep on even when the way is sometimes hard and lonely. She has left behind a wonderful testimony fragrant as a rose which will remain for ever.'

From New Zealand comes a message from a young Captain :

'Her life has helped and inspired me as a young Officer.'

How trye are Longfellow's words in his 'Psalm of Life':

'Lives of good men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.'

Chapter 6.

Last Years.

After spending two very happy and useful years in the Canterbury Division, the British Commissioner decided that I should come to the National Headquarters, London to take charge of the Education Department.

The news was very disappointing to both Mrs. Rohu and myself for we loved the Field work. Mrs.Rohu especially regretted that this appointment would mean a certain amount of inactivity for her.

Looking back now it can be seen that the change was in the Providence of God for her, as she could not have continued the pace at which she was going, and she would inevitably have had a serious breakdown.

An appointment as a National Home League Special helped to ease the situation, and she gloried in resuming contact with the Home League

members. Our new home was at Leyton, and she also became active in a quiet way at her home Corps Leyton 2, and many there have borne testimony to her words of helpful encouragement.

Commissioner Henry Bullard, a near neighbour, in a tender note of sympathy says :

> 'Your loss is also a loss to the Army. Our community at Leyton will feel it keenly as by her trustful cheerful devoted spirit and willingness to serve as far as she had strength she had endeared herself to all. Her loyalty to her Leaders, and faithfulness to the principles of the Army makes her service and example a loss to the whole Army.'

The days of her activity, however, were now drawing to a close, and although at times she felt far from well, she never complained, and always endeavoured to keep to the front of the battle.

Accompanying me to a Harvest Festival Celebration at Highgate on Sunday September 29th. 1929 she was taken seriously ill, and had to be brought home in an ambulance. This was the last public meeting she took part in, thus literally falling on the field of battle .

London

1930.

For weeks she hovered between life and death. A specialist was called in and informed us that she would be an invalid for at least three years, no meetings or work of any kind was to be undertaken. To one of Mrs.Rohu's disposition this was a very heavy cross, but she did her best to resign herself to it.

During the early days of this breakdown while still in bed in great weakness she heard the sound of horses and carriages in the roadway. 'That's a funeral, isn't it?' she enquired, I tried to evade a direct answer, but at last had to tell her that a little boy whose home was further up the road was being buried. 'I would like to send a message to the poor mother' she said, and in her weakness she scribbled a pencilled note to the bereaved one bidding her to be of good courage, and telling her how God had helped her in similar circumstances.

Next day a lady called and enquired if this was where the sick lady lived who had so kindly written to her. She was broken up with grief and was allowed to see Mrs.Rohu. They had a private talk during which it transpired that at one time this woman had been an Army Junior. On leaving

she remarked to me 'To think that in her serious condition she should have thought of me, and written to me.'

A long weary period of suffering now lay before her, but her spirit seemed to have become wonderfully matured, and her sick chamber was to many the porch of Heaven.

The Officers of the Leyton 2 Corps, where she was a Soldier, visited her frequently, and found instead of them ministering they were ministered unto. One of these comrades writes:

> 'Dear Mrs.Rohu had a real place in our hearts' affection. What a brave fighter she was, how great her faith and noble her spirit. We among the great number whom she influenced and blessed thank God for her glorious example.'

A slight improvement was noticed in her condition, and a visit to a notable West End specialist was decided on. The result was that a stay of a fortnight in a West End Nursing Home was arranged, and as the treatment was drastic (complete abstention from food for five days) she had to remain under the direct care of the specialist.

She exercised a wonderful influence in the Nursing Home, and a letter from the specialist

indicates the impression made upon him :

> 'From my contact with her in the Nursing Home I learnt to appreciate her brave and unselfish nature, and I shall always count it a privilege to have known her.'

The treatment was not as successful as anticipated, and she returned home to continue in her weakness.

Hopes of recovery fluctuated, and three operations failed to bring any permanent relief. The last and most serious took place in the Mildmay Memorial Hospital in July 1932. She was beloved in the Ward for her gracious spirit, and the Harley Street specialist was impressed by her testimony as just before the anesthetic was administered she quoted the words of Psalm cxviii.6 'I will not fear; what can man do unto me'

Returning home she was even more fragile than formerly, yet her indomitable spirit strove to conquer her weakness. Friends who came to see her went away feeling that they had been in the presence of one who reflected the glory of her Master. One who experienced this says:

> 'Mrs.Rohu was the first to give me a welcome to the Leyton 2 Corps, and I felt blessed and helped when I went to see her.'

A young Officer facing a serious crisis in her life records her experience in a letter written from a Hospital in India where she is a Salvation Army nurse:

> 'I shall always remember her words of advice when I called to see her. She had not long been home from the Hospital, but in spite of her weakness she helped me over a milestone.'

Yet another adds her testimony:

> 'I am glad I ever knew Mrs.Rohu, she helped me many times when I lived in Abbotts Park Road, Leyton.'

Although in a very weak condition she attended as regularly as possible her home Corps Leyton 2, and on one occasion during the Prayer Meeting she rose to her feet and prayed earnestly for an unconverted man in a seat nearby. We feared for the consequences of this effort, but God sustained her. In F.W.H.Myer's phrase she simply 'ached for souls.' This was her last public prayer.

She was able to be present at the annual Field Officers' Councils held at Clapton on October 18th.1932, and the last gathering she attended was the great Devotional Meeting conducted by the General at the Albert Hall on November 16th. 1932.

Her Bible was her constant companion, and the copy she used is heavily underscored.

During her reading on December 9th.1932 she came across a promise in Exodus xxiii.25 'I will take sickness away from the midst of thee.' She claimed this for herself, and discussed it with me on my return home that evening. I told her that it was her promise and that we would exercise faith for its fulfilment. Oh how anxious she was to get better so that she might once more be at the battle's front!

Just at this time a letter came from the wife of her old Provincial Commander -Commissioner Hoggard, and in reply she mentioned that she had received this promise. It was therefore arranged that we should have a little meeting for prayer and exercise faith for Divine Healing. A little company gathered at our home on January 5th.1933 _ Commissioner and Mrs.Hoggard, Mrs.Colonel van Rossum, Mrs.Brigadier Tyndall, Mrs.Rohu and myself.

Commissioner Hoggard had already been used in South Africa to bring Divine Healing to Mrs. Colonel van Rossum, and in Canada to Brigadier

Tyndall. The Scripture portion bearing on Divine Healing was read (James v.13-15), also the promise which Mrs.Rohu had already received: 'I will take sickness away from the midst of thee' (Exodus xxiii.25). The little company then engaged in prayer, and the Commissioner anointed her with oil claiming healing for the sick one if it should be in the will of God.

There seemed to be an improvement in Mrs. Rohu's condition for a few weeks, but she was still very fragile, and she already seemed to have caught a glimpse of the glory of the other world. She had, however a strong will to live, and held on in great faith to the promise she had received. This had been typed out on a card, and when in pain she would get on her knees holding the card in her hand, and plead with God for a fulfilment of the promise. This card was found after her passing covered over with her pencilled declarations 'My promise', 'God's promises are sure if we will only believe', 'Thank you Lord - I believe.'

On Thursday January 12th. before going to sleep she said to me 'I believe something very wonderful is going to happen to-night

God's promise is going to be fulfilled, He will take all sickness out of our midst for ever.' She then fell asleep, but I was awakened at midnight by her movements as she tried to get her spectacles. I told her to try and rest and that I would get them for her in the morning. I have thought since that she wanted them to read again the promise that she had received. Its fulfilment was near, but little did we think of God's plan to bring it to pass. At 6.a.m. in the morning (Friday) I found her unconscious at my side having had a severe cerebral haemorrhage.

She rallied a little and although unable to speak distinctly when I repeated the twenty-third Psalm she joined in the last few words of every verse.

On the Saturday morning, to our astonishment she sang clearly a verse of 'Remember me O Mighty One'. She had sung this many times in Prayer Meetings for others, she now sung it for herself as she neared the Valley of the Shadow.
The words she sung were :

'When storms around are sweeping,
When lone my watch I'm keeping,
Mid fires of evil falling,
And tempters' voices calling,
Remember me O Mighty One,
Remember me O Mighty One.'

She seemed to be rapidly sinking, but still was conscious. The Army Flag hung at the head of her bed, and she fondly stroked the crest on my jersey and patted the uniform I wore. They were all so precious to her. "I will be a good Soldier" she murmured, and seeing she was now almost beyond speech I said 'In calmness and confidence shall be your strength.' 'If you are trusting raise your hand', slowly she lifted her hand thus bearing her last testimony on earth. She then relapsed into unconsciousness from which she did not recover.

On Friday morning January 20th., at ten minutes past eight, exactly a week after her seizure, without a sigh or struggle the silver chord was loosed and she entered the presence of the King.

'Unflinchingly she struck at sin and darkness
Courageously she tore the mask from wrong,
Many she led from sinking sands to safety,
And taught them the triumphant victor's
song.

'From early youth, no easing of the toiling,
From morn to eve, no sparing of the hand,
But forth and forth again, to great endeavour,
Alert, inspired, at her dear Lord's command.

So rich in true, unselfish, pure devotion;
So eager she the vilest one to win;
Fling wide ye Gates, earth yields up Army
treasure,
Fling wide and let another Soldier in.'

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'Life takes on a new meaning, and the love of God a deeper significance when our hearts receive the touch of the ineffable mystery. We have got to keep our faces turned steadfastly towards the dawn, and in the glory of the rising fulness of Christ's promise look to meet again with our beloved. Praise to His mercies for that great gift without which we were but dust and ashes, and life not worth another day's endeavour.'

Extract from a message received from the Rev. Dr.Lauchlan MacLean Watt, Glasgow Cathedral.

'Until the Morning breaks.'

The grave in the Salvation
Army Plot, Abney Park Cemetery,
Stoke Newington, London.

Sacred to the Memory of
Mrs BRIGADIER EMMA ROHU.
PROMOTED TO GLORY 20TH JANY. 1933.
AGED 51 YEARS.
"THEY THAT TURN MANY TO RIGHTEOUSNESS,
SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS FOR EVER AND EVER"
SERVANT OF GOD WELL DONE.
ALSO OF
WINIFRED HUNTER ROHU. (WINNIE)
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE ABOVE
PROMOTED TO GLORY 27TH MAY 1923.
AGED 14½ YEARS.
-INTERRED IN ALLENVALE, ABERDEEN-
WE HAVE A TRYST TO KEEP

APPENDIX.

The following appeared in 'THE WATERFORD STAR' on Satyrday April 12th.1902. It was the first Press announcement of the advent of the Salvation Army to Waterford City.

' THE SALVATIONEST INVASION. A PROTEST AND A SUGGESTION.

In the name of the Catholics in this City, and of that religion to which they cling with unerring and unfaltering allegiance, we must enter out strongest protest against the tactics of the three members of the Salvation Army, who, by their silly parade and the expounding of their heretical and blasphemous doctrines on one of our thoroughfares on Sunday afternoon, made an audacious and entirely uncalled for and unnecessary attempt to stir up religious strife in our midst. With that brazen effrontery which has characterised the operations of "the army" in a other and larger centres, the three religious fanatics who came to our city unasked and uninvited - who have pitched their camp here in deliberate opposition to the wishes of every respectable Protestant in Waterford - went out of their way on Sunday to outrage and insult the feelings of the entire Catholic population, who to their credit, be it said, regarded with scorn, indifference and contempt the "clownish" religious performance on the Mall. Those who witnessed the parade of the Salvationists expressed surprise that the police authorities should countenance in the manner they did the action of the "missionaries', but perhaps this is not to be wondered at when the police are but the servants of a Government that has ever been bitterly hostile to the religious beliefs of the vast majority of Irishmen.

The following appeared in "The Atlanta Daily
Bulletin" April 21st, 1908. It was the first
true statement of the advent of the Salvation
Army to Maryland City.

"THE SALVATION ARMY. A Warning to
Maryland City.

In the course of the Devotions in this City, and
of that religion to which they belong with the
saving and self-denying elections, we must
our sincere protest against the invasion of the
three members of the Salvation Army, who, by
their filthy words and the ex-crowing of their
heretical and Pharisaical doctrines on one of
our thoroughfares on sunday afternoon, came or
sections and unlawfully impelled for men and women
may please to make up full dress in their
midst. With that lovely atmosphere which is
characterized the conditions of "the army" in
other and larger sections, and those religious
fanatics who came to our city unasked and
uninvited - who have (since) their name over it
deliberate opposition to the wishes of every
respectable person(s) in attendance - such are of
little use to society in a small town
teaching of the saving catholic principles, and
the "holy creed" be it said, required with terms,
disinterest and contempt like "Salvation" rather
(un)welcome on the call. Since the advent of
the parade of the salvationists we noticed
(un)pleasant that the police authorities should
countenance in the manner they did the action
of the "Salvationists", but perhaps this is not
to be wondered at when the police are but the
servants of a Government that has ever been
willingly hostile to the religious beliefs of the
vast majority of Irishmen.

We must say that we are proud and gratified at the attitude adopted by our fellow-citizens on Sunday, and it is equally satisfactory to know that it was attributable to the sound advice tendered to the congregations by the officiating clergymen in our Churches. If the Government and its hirelings santion and approve of the Sunday street-preaching, if they will not lend a hand to stamp out the rank heresy and blasphemy heard in one of our most frequented thoroughfares the citizens can adopt a very substantial boycot.'

EXTRACT FROM A LEDERETTE IN THE SAME ISSUE.

'The Salvationists made their first plunge in the city thoroughfares on Sunday forenoon... They halted nearly opposite Reginald's Tower, andafter a hurried whispered conversation with Head Constable Watchorne, the leading lady opened the proceedings with"prayer". Before she did so the Head Constable spent some time in pacing the ground between the Tower and the Adelphi Hotel. Having selected the ground and agreeing to pray with the wind, the leading lady mumbled something wholly inaudible to the bystanders, and as the farce proceeded quite a crowd gathered and took up their positions on the footway. Number one having exhausted her powers of elocution, she was succeeded by another lady of "the army" who treated the assemblage to the usual rot which the army are accustomed to use. She carried a pair of cotton gloves which she used much in the same fashion that an officer would his sword in leading an attack, and her gesticulations created considerable merriment. The singing of a few "heavenly psalms" brought the idiotic and ridiculous performance to a close. The Salvationists would gladly welcome interruptions or opposition...We hope that no one will neglect the sound advice given by the priests at the several Masses on Sunday. Let the Salvationists severely alone, and their mission will soon come to a close in Wa

terford.'

Extract from 'PRIESTS AND PEOPLE IN IRELAND'

by Michael J.F.McCarthy, B.A., T.C.D., B.L.

P.490. (Simpkin, Marshall, 1902). :

'Last night those imbecile expectoraters of John Street (Waterford) smashed a Salvation Army man to pieces in the street, breaking several of his bones, and knocking out his teeth. This is the land of the Priests in Power, and I write of April 1902.'

Date Due

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